

William Lloyd Garrison &

21. 6. 77

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Friend of the Slave: we welcome You  
Among the noble gallant band:  
The Fearless patriots of Your land;  
Is the Down trodden, always true:  
The world has watched Your onward way  
Has seen You foremost in the fight  
When You have battled in the sight,  
And never known Your hand to stay  
And it has seen the coward kneel  
With murderous hand, intent to spill  
Your own lifes blood, with hearts will  
The human blood hounds of the Slave:  
And when Your power was wrought in power  
And Tyge had stamped it line by line  
(a combination so divine)  
We saw the madness of this hour  
The Tyge may melt, the sheet may burn  
But there were deeds of deepest dye  
That to the land for vengeance cry  
In vengeance some day to return

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The blood stained soil, is yet well deep -  
The murdered may lie still below -  
But, all the South is steeped in woe  
The cry of wrong will never sleep  
To You we all cry well done!  
The warriors wreath to You accord  
Age bids Jackson put up Your sword  
Columbia's valiant, honest son!  
An English welcome now receive  
We give the hand to all the great  
You may not have it from the State  
But Patriot hearts, in You believe -  
The end of all Your toil, be peace!  
The food of pity, You sustain!  
A noble life is not in vain -  
Thus be at last, heavens sweet release

Joseph Soul

